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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Asleep and bidden far beneath the snow
Methinks the patient nurslings long to heed
The thrill of brighter days, when every seed
Shall find its quickened life awake and grow.

But to our hearts has come a vital glow
Rousing within a right inspiring breed
Of generous thoughts that stir to kindly deed
And those rare moods we far too seldom know.

Despite old winter's chill, the winsome power
Whose sway brings gladness over all the earth
Now holds her joyous rule and bids us fling
Aside dull selfish care, till friendly mirth
Bursts into song, praising the festive hour
That speaks to men of Christmas and the spring.

W. Hanson Pulsford.

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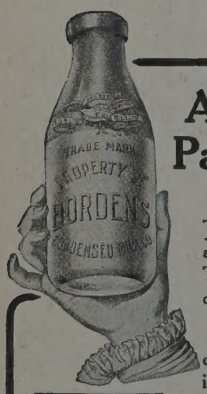

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1909. NUMBER 17.

THE MASTER-WORD

"Little Brother of the World,"
Sang a Pagan long ago,—
Hearing first the wondrous tale
Of the child of birth so low,
Who had conquered multitudes
Without sword and without lance,
By the power of his words,
By the radiance of his glance;

"With the lance and with the sword
Many, many have I slain,
Fighting on the battle field
Till the blood ran down like rain;
Little Brother of the World,
I am tired of lance and sword,—
I would conquer like to thee,
Give to me thy Master-Word!"

We, too, Lord, are tired of war,—
Tired of battling, anger-stirred,—
"Little Brother of the World,"
Give to us thy Master-Word!
With thy Christ-Mass here at hand
Close the temple doors for aye
That of old oped only when
Man his brother man would slay;

Send the message to all men,
'Round the earth, a treasure-trove,
"Little Brother of the World,"
Teach us all to win through LOVE!

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

The Department of Labor of the state of Illinois has recently issued a bulletin of 200 pages containing an account of the labor legislation of the last general assembly of Illinois. It is an interesting exhibit of what failed as well as what passed. It was the mountain in labor bringing forth a mouse, judging the things done by the things it failed to do. Only twelve bills became law; of these, three or four at least, according to the estimation of the Commission, were trifling. The most important in this list, "The Woman's Ten Hours' Act," is characterized by the Commission as a compromise bill which, to the humiliation of Illinois be it said, is being stoutly contested by employers who insist on their constitutional right of employing women as many hours in a day as they please, and the rights of the women to jeopardize the health and vitality of future generations by over-work, if they so wish.

The lovers of Lincoln, and the word includes everybody, are eagerly awaiting the appearance of the promised volume from the pen of Rev. Joseph Newton, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on "Lincoln and Herndon," a book which will contain much new matter, including correspondence between Mr. Herndon and Theodore Parker. Mr. Newton has shown that he has discriminating insight, skill of analysis, and power in statement in the altogether satisfying story of David Swing, the poet preacher. Numerous as have been the "lives" of Lincoln, very few of the writers have done much original investigating concerning the early, and still, in the main, obscure years in the life of the great president. We predict for Mr. Newton's book a warm reception. Incidentally it is interesting to note the fine list of books announced by this Western publishing house. The Torch Press of Cedar Rapids contains on its published list two important books on Hawthorne and Bronson Alcott by F. B. Sanborn, and one on Edgar Allen Poe by Edmund Clarence Stedman and others. We hope that this young house will not be tempted into commercial devices, of limited editions and high-priced sumptuous outputs. The book lover suspects the sumptuous edition. The standard cloth-bound book, that embodies typographical taste, is best.

The Christmas numbers of our exchanges are resplendent in holly, illuminated carols and Christmas stories all intended to magnify, as is fitting, the pathos, power and glory of the Christ child. UNITY is so intent on teaching and insisting upon what it deems to be the core of the Christmas message, the burden of the Jesus gospel, all the year around, that it has not much heart, even if it had skill and means, to specialize in Christmas numbers and holiday issues, for there is danger of over-reaching the message and misinterpreting such occasion. There is a menace of hypocrisy in this attempt to revitalize mediaeval lore and the supernatural in the Christ story at Christmas time, which is foreign to the thinking of the rest of the year. Even for artistic purposes it is questionable whether legend and fable and miracle are as fertile inspirations as fact, experience and law. UNITY is too much alive to the abuses of Christmas, the denudation of forests for Christmas trees, the horrible overstrain of shop girls and messenger boys, the commercial anxiety and the bargaining in Christmas gifts, to forget all this now at Christmas time, but all the same we would ring for our readers merry Christmas bells and wish them all the joys of the season which come with the disinterestedness of service and the inspirations of exalted thought.

Mr. Edwin Ginn, the millionaire publisher, who so persistently devotes himself and his fortune to the cause of Peace, has at last broken through all hesitancy and entangling details, and made the beginning of his International School of Peace, to which cause he has set apart $50,000 a year during his life time, and the bulk of his fortune after death. A preliminary reading and consultation room was recently opened at 29 Beacon street, Boston, with a house warming. Messages of congratulation were received from various educational institutions and workers for Peace throughout the world. The Cosmopolitan Club of Harvard University, which consists of two hundred students, only one-third of whom are American, and which President Eliot has pronounced the most interesting club in the university, was represented by a student from Brazil. He spoke not only for the Harvard club, but for the twenty or more cosmopolitan clubs in connection with other institutions of the higher learning in this country, with an enrolled membership of over two thousand students. Of course Mr. Mead was there with others to speak the word of encouragement, based on knowledge. Quite aside from our interest in Peace, as one of the most important problems in civilization today, we are glad to note this beginning by Mr. Ginn as an indication that slowly men of great wealth are learning to find the power of prophecy in dollars. Heretofore, it has been difficult for the accumulators of wealth to trust their money with a message; the conservatism that makes a man wealthy is also in danger of blinding him to the value of constructive work on the lines of thought and morals. He has been content to convert his money into bread, shoes and medicine for the broken—those who are already under the wheel. This is well, but at best it only increases the dependency of the community. When our dollars become creative, prophetic, then there will be less occasion to deplore the growth of millionaires, and to resent the apathy and conservatism of capitalists. That the captains of industry should some day become the up-lifters, initiators of new movements and generous supporters of men and organizations that are doing constructive work, turning out new products from the character factories of the world, is not incredible. There are many signs of the times to indicate that things are moving rapidly that way.

One of the sad memorial dates in Chicago is the anniversary of the terrible Iroquois fire which occurred in 1903 on the last day of the year. On that day a glad theater company, consisting largely of happy children and women, were imprisoned in the roaring flames which in an astonishingly short time consumed a combustible building, from whose wreck six hundred or more charred bodies were taken. This anniversary meeting will be held as usual at Willard Hall on the 30th of December. The Memorial Association, consisting of the bereaved kindred and friends of the victims, have sought to create a public spirit that would erect a noble building on the site of the ill-fated play-house, to be a "shrine" for all races and creeds, where the public might assemble to discuss civic needs. Chicago, rich and resourceful, should have found this thing easy to do at this time, but capital said, "Don't touch the matter; forget it—*it hurts business*"; and this attitude, taken by too many business men, was backed promptly by the press. It was a terrible rebuke, warning and appeal, which a law-engirdled universe offered to the city of Chicago in the awful Iroquois fire. Slowly but surely the ameliorations of time touch with beauty and tenderness even that fearful ordeal. The grass is green and the flowers fragrant that grow out of the ashes of the loved ones. Year by year we are better able to read the meaning and to convert the tears into deeds. Year by year the Memorial Association has urged the ultimate redemption of this spot by consecrating it as a home of civics—a headquarters for the humanities, the consecrated depot of "first help" to the needy. As yet the association is beautiful in its plans, but human nature moves slowly, yet it moves. Chicago is to remain a long time, and the friends of the victims of that disastrous fire are to have great, great grand children; some time or another, consecrated wealth accumulated by those who have been touched by the shadows of that catastrophe, will wrench the site from commercialism and will make it a beautiful shrine for the humanities. Let this association not give up that hope, and let them reiterate the plan each returning year. Here is a case for the higher application of the power of suggestion. The Presbyterians of the world have recently erected an expiatory monument in Geneva on the spot where three hundred and fifty-six years ago Michael Servetus was burned as a victim of well meaning but unholy zeal, confessing thereby the sad mistake and pledging themselves to avoid such future calamities. Three hundred and fifty years after the anniversary of the Iroquois fire, if not sooner, the anniversary will be celebrated by the dedication of the ground to such high uses as we have contended for. By that time, if not before, if the accumulated millions of the inheritors of the great fire are not used for this purpose, the work will be done by civic appropriation. The city of Chicago, by municipal appropriation, will erect gladly and generously its expiatory monument in confession of the horrible municipal crime, and as a pledge that such disasters can never come again through municipal carelessness or private stupidity. May the mourners find new heart in their annual communion of sorrow, and their sadness be changed into the cheer that belongs to holy workers.

A "Charity" Ball

Chicago has had another "Charity" ball. From all accounts it was a great success. Apparently all the daily papers gave themselves to the promotion of the venture *con amore*. For weeks in advance the cartoonists played the changes on "Mother Bountiful" and "Orphans Pitiful." One enterprising daily went so far as to carry three or four anemic little orphans from a popular asylum and pose them on the street looking wistfully up into the Auditorium building "from whence was to come their strength." Another effective cartoon showed two poorly dressed little children huddling together while back of them arose in shadowy outline a magnificent lady in furs and a stately "jolly good fellow" in plug hat, in benignant attitudes; they seemed to say, "Fear not, little ones; we are with thee and for thee!" Finely worded appeals in prose and poetry, signed by the commanding names of Chicago, were paneled and illumined in the daily papers for weeks in advance. The most popular professors and men of letters aided in auctioneering off the boxes which went at what to the uninitiated would seem fabulous prices. There were mysterious hints of stunning costumes to be expected. Many of Chicago's leading ladies were posed in their elegant costumes in promise of what was to be expected, and after the event the papers of the following morning pictured the triumphs of the modiste.

Of course the morning after the "Ball" the papers announced a most brilliant success. The great Auditorium had been planked over for a great dancing hall, and the drapery and the electric lights converted it into a "fairy grotto" or something like that. We are told the guests arrived late; it was half past ten o'clock before the grand march was announced, and then they could not march because the floor was so jammed. But in due time a weird Franco-Oriental, sinuous somebody "glided into the room and with bare feet and jeweled fingers, went through the creepy! weird! serpent dance," and then the ball was on and the dance continued, of course into and beyond the "wee sma' hours."

What delightful reading the next morning's papers were to the elite; column after column of alphabetically arranged descriptions of the costumes worn, given in most technical language. Perhaps in the Esperanto of fashion it was intelligible, but it was quite beyond the reach of the Century Dictionary to help one through.

And then came the comforting assurance that "twenty-five thousand dollars was raised for charity!" a sum which was to be divided among some eight or ten of the standard charities of the city.

Now UNITY believes in dancing, and under certain conditions rejoices in dances and balls. Perhaps it would be reconciled to a dress parade of millionaires, a formal and systematic display of diamonds and costumes, but it most positively objects to the demoralizing implication that this was "charity," or that it helped in any legitimate and high fashion to ameliorate the woes of the unfortunate or to measure the responsibilities or discharge the obligations of the fortunate.

Economically it was obviously bad financiering. It probably will never be known by the public, possibly by any one, how many times the twenty-five thousand dollar charity fund was multiplied in the preparation fund, the cost of getting ready.

And then spiritually: instead of ameliorating the cruel chasm between the rich and the poor, it magnified and exaggerated to a deadening extent; it embittered the hard lot of the unfortunate and dried up the fountains of benevolence in the hearts of those who spent so much time, thought, money, and, worst of all, strength in the costuming problems.

Here is a problem for sociology, the academic study of which in our universities is distorted, unreal, if not insincere, if it neglects to submit this "Ball" to a scientific and economic investigation. "The minimum living wage," "The least possible sum on which a working man can maintain a family of five," "The rent problem for working men," "The tenement perplexity," are questions that have been studied generously and carefully by benevolent capitalists and dignified dons.

If these men of science are to be scientific and are to help the coming generation to solve social problems, they must with equal diligence and accuracy ascertain the expenditures, the "necessities" of the upper strata, and then a truly enlightened community will know how much it costs to make a show at a "Charity Ball." Where is the scientist who can compute with reasonable accuracy the money investment in the ten columns or more of costumes described the morning after the ball?

Is this suggestion "impudent"? Is it "dealing with what is none of anybody's else business?" "Has not one a right in a free country to do as he pleases with his own?" If we understand the spirit of the modern students of sociology and the trend of social science, the answer comes in a prompt chorus to all these questions, "No! a thousand times No!" The lawless tramp at the lower end and the defiant woman of fashion at the upper end of the social fabric are both rebels to the state, denying the social bond that makes of the individual a fragment of the larger and diviner whole.

We cannot within the limits of an editorial, and we have not the ability had we space, to think out into ethical clearness the problem of a charity ball. But there is a problem here which is insistent, and we ask our universities more than our churches, our professors of sociology more than our preachers, to help clear up this question. There is a large body of facts, a revealing column of figures, that need compilation.

Perhaps our schools of civic and applied philanthropy, our theological schools or the seminars in sociology in our universities, will take the necessary time and employ the necessary ability to give us at least the economic facts in the case, the dollar and cent exhibit, of a successful "Charity Ball" in the city of Chicago.

Feeding the Roots of Life

Some eminent college professors are teaching the rising generation that human life does not have any spiritual roots. They dynamite the soul and distribute its powers and faculties among the casual products of chemical action. The thought of Newton and the love of Christ are classed, by them, with the wriggle of worms and the whirl of insects. They assert that man is a mere machine. But the dumb machine rebukes their materialistic sophistry. It exists as a machine, because the product of intelligent purpose; and to be a successful machine, rational power must operate through it! An explanation of human life, which leaves out all that is supremely and distinctly human, is neither good science nor sound philosophy. Such a view of human nature provides no true method of education, no adequate motive for philanthropy, and no enduring basis for civilization.

The soul refuses to be thus annihilated. To obliterate it is to destroy the only basis of science itself. And the interpretation of human nature necessary for the laboratory provides foundation for altar and temple. The man at the telescope is more than the ray of light from Sirius, which he interprets. The captain at the wheel of the steamer is more than the chemical action in the burning coal under the boiler. We must have an interpretation of human life large enough to include the soul, if art, learning, and civility are to continue. To leave it out is to ignore the Supreme Fact and become supremely unscientific.

To find the truth of things, we must have a discoverer, who is more than "a thing." To interpret is more than simply to see and to hear: It is to find something greater than the things themselves,—their laws, relations, meanings. This is the office of mind, with spiritual roots linking it to the Infinite Mind. Mere observation of things could never produce science: an exploring intellect must interpret the facts observed. Science itself grows, not by mechanical addition of fact to fact, thus making a bigger card-catalogue of observation, but by discovery: the entrance of thought to interpret observation. The universe is dead, like the unlighted electric tower at the Buffalo Exposition, until the illuminating current of thought is turned upon it. Thus the possibility of science depends upon the reality of the soul. The supreme function of science is not simply to observe, but to deepen the spiritual roots of life. The larger science issues evermore from the enlarged mind. The materialistic biologist or psychologist, if he has his way, will soon cut the root from which discovery springs. A dethroned soul will cease to be a successful truth-seeker. The supreme characters of history are those who have believed most in the soul: men who have trusted its ethical affirmation and fed its spiritual roots. The world has always loved and honored most those who have made men feel their relations and obligations to God,—a wonderful testimony to the verity and reality of our spiritual nature.

Many persons, unfortunately, leave no place whatever for the soul in the program of life. They ignore its affirmations and aspirations. They turn their back upon the Bible, the oracle of the soul; upon Jesus, the Master of Inner Life; upon the Church, whose special ministry is to feed the spiritual roots of life; upon immortality, which lifts the task of the passing moment to the glowing horizon of eternity; and upon worship, through which the spirit of man is refined and enlarged by communion with the Infinite Life.

But a life-program that neglects the soul is like an engine-builder who makes no provision for the steam by which to run it. We touch here that policy of outwardness in life, which is always the curse of the world. Then people expect to pick roses, without ever paying any attention to rose bushes. They assume that they can enjoy the blessings of Puritan virtue, without troubling themselves with the Christian nurture out of which alone the glory of the Puritan springs. They want to trade with an honest market-man, but they do nothing to enlarge the sources of public morality. They desire their children to resist evil, but they have never led them in services of prayer, which prepares the heart to overcome temptation. They wish to live in a community where life and property are safe, but they do nothing by family devotion or public worship to find the roots of that religious life, which, more than bolts and bars, is the protection of the community.

This blindness to the real sources of life is met in the popular plea of the superficial optimist: "Wear a smile!" But the smile that is merely "worn" gives the face a most repulsive expression. This plea begins at the wrong end. A true smile is more than skin deep; it is a revelation of the soul. It is not the face that smiles, but the spirit of the man. Noble features do not make great souls, but saintly souls make beautiful faces. We do not wish to make the world good by "wearing" a smile; the world will wear a smile if we are good! The peace of God is not spread like a blanket over society. It comes up, like the glory of the spring landscape, from innumerable roots that run from human hearts into the Infinite Heart. To increase the beauty of the world, these heart-roots must be fed by the spirit of him whose life was the Beauty of Holiness. To make faces smile with a divine attractiveness that shall be permanent, we must enrich the spiritual roots of life, by the repentance that strengthens the will against sin, by the forgiveness that washes away selfishness, and by the love that prompts service.

JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

Boston.

Sweetest of all consolers!
Fairest of flowers that grow!
When hopes and flowers have faded,
The beautiful Christ-flowers blow
Bright in the cottage window,
Sweet in the darkened room,
Fair in the shortened sunlight,
Cheering the dusky gloom.
Oh! when our hearts are lonely,
And clouds of care hang low,
With blessed cheer for the dying year,
The Christmas blossoms blow.

—Fanny Beulah Bates.

To win a true friend, you and I must love Truth and Right better than that friend, however dear. It is the heart mine, yet mine only by fresh necessity of winning it by nobleness,—it is my heart his, yet his by an ever fresh necessity of giving it to him for his worth's sake,—that makes the dearness so ineffable.

—William C. Gannett.

THE PULPIT

The Abiding Christ

A CHRISTMAS PREPARATION SERMON, PREACHED DECEMBER 19, 1909, IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES

The human soul is a great dreamer. There is a mighty urge all the way up and down the tree of life. The push of the seed upward, the climb of the tree through shade to sunshine, the adventurous spirit in wild-wood and barn-yard, the daring push that breaks out in reckless emigration, from the ant-hill and beehive to the confident squadron of wild geese that sail through the upper air, southward in autumn and northward in spring, are paralleled by the pioneering spirit in man. Man is a migratory animal. The highest achievements of the civilization of which we boast, the joy and pride of our present attainments, are the result of this forward push, this pioneering instinct, the cosmic push that has kept the eyes of the human race turned outward, onward, westward, from its primitive cradle in the Orient.

The "call of the wild" to the domesticated dog in Jack London's story may have been the call of retreat, a beckoning back, a counter-march to the primitive savagery, to the canine East. But the "call of the wild" in man has been the beckoning of the West, the urge of progress, the summons to new contests, the invitation to fresh fields, forests to fell, marshes to drain, sods to subdue, more mountains to climb in order to find new gold mines beyond, fresh valleys to irrigate, deserts to convert into orange groves, measureless prairies, the haunts of coyotes, buffalo and foxes to change into wheat fields and decorate with villages, jeweled with school houses, universities and temples.

What in the lower orders of life is a blind instinct, a climatic necessity, becomes in the human realm, first, a conscious quest for power, the greed of the accumulator, the lust of the conqueror, and in the higher realms it becomes a passion for usefulness, a thirst for companionship, a planning and plotting for a more ideal community, a more righteous state; a homesickness of the heart for God.

The sagacious Greek called man the "Anthropos"—the "upward looker," and the sages and the saints have justified the word. The bards have always chanted the songs of future generations, they have rung the changes on the "good time coming." So persistent is this habit of the soul at its noblest, so inevitably is this an attribute of the great, that the word "Prophet," which originally signified a spokesman, the one to whom it was given to declare the oracles of the divine, has come, in the popular mind, to mean chiefly a foreteller, a man who discloses the future, its charge and its charms.

Religion is always a climbing spirit, climbing from the naked fetish worshipper in the interior of Africa, who wears the lucky stone around his neck to charm away evil spirits, up through the worship of dead ancestry, ghost-serving and seeking, through the beautiful polytheism of Greece and Rome, which embodied ideals and inevitable forces in beautiful forms; through Divinity idealized in the shape of dream men and dream women, to the Jewish passion for the Lord of Hosts, Jehovah and his anointed, the Messiah King, that would re-establish the over-turned throne of Solomon, restore the broken altars of David. In their adversity, their humiliations and their unspeakable weaknesses, this dream of the Messiah, the Christ, the anointed—for all three words mean the same thing,—became, nineteen hundred years ago, a consuming passion; they waited for it with a devout impatience; they prayed for it with a vehemence and a sincerity that would seem to break through the iron bars of destiny. This expectancy, this hope, this passion for a masterful spirit that would bring order out of chaos, peace out of turmoil, truth and justice out of error and wrong, is not peculiar to the Jewish people, though perhaps it here reached its highest potency. The literature of the Old Testament represents the impassioned cry of a thousand years, the unceasing prayer of successive generations, for the Messiah, the Anointed—for all three words mean the same thing,—the house of Jesse, to save the nation and sanctify the world.

But all this rhymes with the prayers of the Brahmin, the bloodless struggle of Buddha, the promise of the master bards of Greece and, above all, the sublime dreams of Plato. This psychological Christ, in one form or another, is the leaven that makes buoyant the folk-lore of the world. Arthur, the wizard-reared, miraculously-guarded Celtic Prince, wielding with supernatural power the magic blade of Excalibur, fell wounded on the field of battle, not to die, but to be borne by ghostly hands to the dreamland of Avalon, whence, when his wounds were healed, he would come again to rally his valiant knights of the Table Round and lead them to victory and to peace.

Something happened some nineteen hundred years ago away off in that land of Zion, something that precipitated upon one noble and notable figure the Psychological Christ which is more or less active in every heart and which was the passion and the crying need of the distracted house of Israel on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. The prayers of a peasant woman were answered; in her were focalized the yearnnigs, the aspirations, the sufferings and sacrifices, the sorrows and consolations, of a noble lineage, and to her was born a child of matchless grace and divine radiance. Early she noticed his winsome ways, his wise sayings and gentle manners, and she pondered these things in her heart. While the boy toiled in the shop with his carpenter father, his ears were alert to the cries of the day, his mind active with the problems of the hour, and without hesitation or postponement he allied himself with the noble, sought the companionship of the reformers, gave his young manhood to the causes at hand, the problems of state, the calls of the temple, and the interests of righteousness. He did it in such a way that "the common people heard him gladly." Fishermen left their nets and accompanied him in his itineraries. He went from village to village exhorting, comforting, healing. By lake-side, roadside, in country synagogue, on temple steps, he spoke his mind, which was wonderfully free from the trammels of convention, the bitterness of faction, and the dogmatism and conceit of priestcraft.

HOW DID HE TEACH? Informally, by parable and precept; out of doors; with a wonderful independence of spirit, unabashed by the titled, unintimidated by priest, and uninfluenced by wealth. Though appreciative of the lore of his people, laden with the maxims, the hymns and prayers of a devout fireside, his phrases were unscholastic; his appeal was not to the written word; not "What readest thou?" but "What seest thou?" "Behold!" he said, "the lilies of the field,

the fowls of the air, the sower, the dough bowl ,the mustard seed, the shepherd and the sheep, the little child, the wounded man, the threadbare beggar, and the impoverished widow."

WHOM DID HE TEACH? Whosoever would hear. He called the publican from his disputes, the tax-collector from the custom house gate, the money-changers and dealers in pigeon from the vestibule of the temple; he went through instead of around the hated enemy's country, and they marveled at him because he talked to a woman of Samaria as she went to draw water from the village well. He went in and out of peasant cottages but did not avoid the marriage feast and the festal board; he was a familiar in the house of mourning and the house of feasting; he practiced the democracy he taught.

WHAT DID HE TEACH? Not much of anything that everybody did not know, or at least that everybody in their better moments did not feel. Clearly he taught that the soul was superior to forms and institutions; the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. He subordinated the tithings of the priest and the ritual of the temple to the requirements of justice and the law of kindness. He had much to say about "the Kingdom of God," which, in his mind, was something immanent, immediate, the constitution of which was the Golden Rule; citizenship in which belonged to the pure in heart, the peace-makers, the merciful, the seekers after righteousness.

His conception of God was that of a father, forgiving, restoring. His classic parable is that of the prodigal son who turns from his husks and seeks his father's house, and the father beholds him afar off and hastens to meet him. "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

"I thank thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding and didst reveal them unto babes."

WHAT CAME OF IT? It is the same old, old story, the glad welcome, the happy surprise of the simple-minded and the unsophisticated, the prompt reaction, the alarm of those in authority, the protest of the guardians of the sanctities and the proprieties. The priests discovered in his unpriestly message a menace; the wealthy, in his communistic sympathy, a danger to property; the learned discovered in his wayside lore an offense to scholarship, a neglect of authorities; the unrighteous judges were uncomfortable, and promptly he paid the penalty of the reformer. He was ushered through the gates of martyrdom into the ranks of the immortals.

Again that followed which always follows,—the sober second thought, the sad realization of a great wrong having been done; of gentleness having been rewarded with cruelty; of meekness having been extinguished by arrogance. The human heart loved this martyr, as it loves all martyrs, and in proportion to the value of the cause does history glorify the victim. Within the brief space of a hundred years the great transformation was wrought. The Psychological Christ, whom we discovered working in individual lives, brooding in all hearts, somehow became organized, social, and the Carpenter of Nazareth was clothed upon with the mystery and the marvel, the wonder and the adoration, that come from miracles, and which made him the "Christ" of the Johannine and Pauline, literatures. He became a composite Messiah, fitting at once into the dream of Semite and Greek, seeming to fulfill the promise of Jeremiah and Plato. The dreams of Jewish prophet and Greek bard met and upon the head of the Nazarene Carpenter placed the crown of Messiahship, the Logos, the divine Word, a supernatural link between God and man. The adoring, hungry heart of thwarted Romans and newly awakened Goths hastened the process, and by the end of three centuries Jesus, the carpenter's son, had become God manifesting himself in human flesh; the Divine stooping to temporary incarnation that he might lure men more successfully to himself.

Sixteen hundred years after the martyrdom on Gethsemane, Michael Servetus, a Spanish physician, was chained to the stake in the public square of Geneva, Switzerland, and, with the consent of John Calvin, the pious Protestant reformer, was burned to death because he denied this Christ of the Trinitarian creed in the interest of the Jesus of humanity. "Ask the aid of Christ, the eternal son of God, and you will be released," said Farel, Prime Minister of Geneva, the representative of Calvin and chaplain of the occasion. "Oh thou Christ, son of the eternal God!" exclaimed Servetus, and the flames were allowed to continue their unholy holocaust until book and author were reduced to ashes. The difference between the "eternal son of God" and the "son of the eternal God" was the difference between the thought of John Calvin, the burner, and the thought of Michael Servetus, the burned.

This year, 356 years after the burning, the Presbyterians of the world, the spiritual descendants and followers of John Calvin, have erected over the ashes of Servetus what they call an "Expiatory Monument" in testimony of their humiliation for the sad mistake, the un-Christly devotion to the Christ.

The Psychological Christ of the human heart in due time ripened into the Theological Christ of the Christian creed, and the orthodox centuries with all the ponderous weight of the creeds, Nicaean and Athanasian, the Catechism, longer and shorter, the Articles, thirty-nine, and those of lesser number, have become heavy burdens and threaten to crush the human shoulders of the son of Joseph and Mary. The dazzling halo which the church has painted around the thorn-crowned brow has obscured the human lineaments to the weak eyes of mortals. After the crucifixion and entombment the sin-purged Mary exclaimed, "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where to find him!" He was lost in the darkness of the tomb. Now the cry comes again, "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where to find him!" for he is obscured in the supernatural glare of the Transcendent Christ.

But now something else is happening, has been happening right along. The law of history is vindicated here again. As creed haloes fade away, the human tenderness and reality come out with reassuring beauty and restoring power. As the miracles grow more doubtful the parables grow more authoritative. The withered fig tree, the devil-possessed pigs drowned in the sea, the spectral figure walking upon the water, the dead bodies bursting the cerements of the tomb, and angels, watching the empty coffin, recede before the clear, steady light that fills the universe of time and space with the reliable God of order and of law, Science studying the records of the God that is, in the facts of the universe, has no place for broken order, for suspended law, for a lawless God. But all this restores the benignity of the face, the tenderness of the voice and the gentleness of the touch, and Jesus

of Nazareth, stripped of all the miracle cloth and creedal robes, relieved of crowns, thrones and judgment seats, fills afresh the vacant spaces in the human heart, restores to the soul its faith in man and its trust in God. A Christly glory abides with him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and "Yea, verily, I say unto you, that unless ye become as one of these little ones ye may not enter the kingdom."

The untempered adoration, the enthusiasm born out of the chagrin and the regret over the cruel martyrdom on Calvary, readily improvised cradle details for the obscure martyr. The father and mother must needs go to Bethlehem in order to find a birth-place fitting the Messiah; a manger among the cattle was his fitting cradle, so lowly must the Divine stoop; and angels must needs fill the air with music and smite with silence the awe-struck shepherds.

These stories abide today in their humanized and enlarged versions that make every baby born into the world an Emmanuel—"God with us." Every child thrown upon the shores of mortality through the mystic gates of birth is manger-cradled, for so lowly, so humble, so commonplace is the advent, and yet so divine, so mysterious is the incarnation, so promising is the innocence, so august is the baby, every baby, everywhere, in his unmeasured potency, that the angel song of "Peace on earth, good will to men," forever vibrates above every cradle place.

Wherever childhood is and childish joys are to be enhanced, childlike simplicity and trustfulness to be noted, there the abiding Christ is, sobering the wayward heart of father, restoring the exhausted strength of mother. Through every birth-throe and in every birth song, God is reconciling a wicked world unto himself, giving to his earth-born children one more opportunity, one more pledge. A new rainbow is discovered in the spiritual heavens whenever a new babe is born; a fresh pledge that the Almighty keeps his faith with his own and that seed-time and harvest shall never fail.

There is an Abiding Christ also wherever a woman's heart is understood, a mother's solicitation sheltered and strengthened, a sister's bereavement shared; wherever a Mary yearns for the "better part," and is fed, wherever a Martha frets and worries over trifles and is soothed, wherever a stranger woman at the well receives words of encouragement and cheer, wherever the wronged and wronging, cast to earth by the scorn of her traducers, is lifted up and cheered by the words, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more,"—there is the Abiding Christ. Wherever arrogant wealth is rebuked and self-denying poverty is commended, wherever the barriers of caste and distinctions of race are broken down and ignored, there is the Abiding Christ.

And, particularly, where hopeless drudgery, motiveless labor, unillumined toil and reluctant sweat, make sordid the life and gloomy the light of day, and a piercing ray of sunshine, the glory of the ideal, the glow of the intangible, breaks through, there is the Abiding Christ. And, most of all, where there is a heart-sickness for things eternal, when the soul of the finite is home-sick for the infinite, where mortal man dares trust in the immortal God, and the solitary pilgrim, undismayed, lies down to peaceful sleep in the consciousness that underneath him are the everlasting arms, there the Abiding Christ remains.

The Abiding Christ of modern thought is not a solitary messenger from on high, an isolated witness to the truth of God, a miracle-attested Saviour, but he represents the shining line of the lovers of man, the moving line of the leaders of society, the chief of the working brigade of human helpers.

The Abiding Christ of modern life is the Christ who sees the tears and notes the pallor of the weary children in the mills; who protests against the arrogance of the capitalists who fill their coffers at the expense of over-worked mothers and under-paid fathers; who rebukes the flaunting pride and selfishness of women who in their silks and their feathers, their furs and their diamonds, sweep the crumbs from off their luxurious tables for the benefit of homeless orphans and friendless waifs.

The Christ of modern thought abideth in the brotherhood that links workingman to workingman in a union that encircles the globe. The Christ abideth in every struggle of human life to realize in the twentieth century the Christly dream of the first century, of a kingdom of God on earth, a kingdom possible now and today; a kingdom, the constitution of which is the Golden Rule, the Declaration of Independence, the Beatitudes; its text book the parables of the New Testament.

The Abiding Christ is still carrying his cross up dreary Calvaries; his back is still bared to the lash of arrogant priesthood and cowardly procurators of imperial pretensions. The Christ abideth still with the unpopular; he is still with the advance guard; his banners are still the standards of progress; his God is still outside of and beyond the holiest of man-made altars; his truth is too large to be enclosed in the noblest of human-made creeds, and his presence is so immanent and immediate that it needs no symbols; for all symbols grow inadequate.

The Christ abideth still on the Mount of Transfiguration, where souls in earnest catch glimpses of the beatific life. The Christ abideth on the mountain top where serenity is and God is an inward experience, the eternal life a present possession, worship the normal attitude of the soul, as true, real and inevitable as the descent of rain and the ascent of vapor.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? Can I in fewer words state the contention of this Christmas preparation sermon? The Messianic dream, the Christly ideal, are native to the human soul; they witness to the creative urge of the universe, the propulsion of life forward and upward. In the fulness of time the benign peasant was born into a carpenter's home, the matchless child of Joseph and Mary, to whom it was given to lead a life so simple and brave, so progressive and tender, so heroic and willing, that he became a fitting figure to receive the Christly drapery that had been woven in the heart-mills of Judea and of Greece, the philosophic looms of Israelitish prophets and Hellenic sages. For a time this drapery was over-ornamented by the ill-considered zeal of grateful tribes, loving though unlettered generations; but the truth and beauty in the Jesus of history and the Christly dreams of souls, named and unnamed, was so real, so permanent, so essential to the life of man and the universe of God, that they survived the tinsel. One by one the supernatural frills and gaudy miracle decorations are laid aside or fall off, and there remains, with the full consent of modern thought, in the full joy of the emancipated mind, this delight in childhood, this sense of the sanctity of the cradle, this appreciation of brotherhood evermore growing, of jus-

tice evermore exacting, of trust in the infinite evermore justified,—all of which should be made emphatic in this annual festival of childhood, this recurring celebration of Nicholas, the merry saint, this season of joyous giving and free sharing of things blessed, words tender, thoughts devout and holy.

So precious is this Abiding Christ that it behooves us to summon the skill of critical science, the concentrated power of our intellects, the sanctified emotions of the heart, to preserve it from the contamination of selfishness, the superficiality of haste, the outwardness of show, the blight of commercialism, and the indignities of caste, creed, sectarian, partisan and social narrowness and prejudices.

Let not our mirth become so boisterous that we cannot hear the Christly calls of love, the permanent enthronement of which is in the line of service. Wherever love is, there Christ is, but love fails and breaks when it ceases to exert itself. It is not "love *and* service"; but Love *is* Service.

"The world is full of woe,
The time is blurred with dust,
Illusions breed and grow,
And eyes' and flesh's lust.

"The mighty league with Wrong
And stint the weakling's bread;
The very lords of song
With Luxury have wed.

"Fair Art deserts the mass,
And loiters with the gay;
And only gods of brass
Are popular today.

* * * *

"Our place is in the van
With those crusaders, who
Maintain the rights of man
'Gainst despot and his crew.

"If sacrifice may move
Their load of pain from men,
The greatest right of Love
Is to renounce It then.

"Ah, Love, the earth is woe's
And sadly helpers needs:
And, till its burden goes,
Our work is—where it bleeds."

CORRESPONDENCE

A Letter from Meadville

The formal opening of the Meadville Theological school year, 1909-1910, took place on Friday evening, September 24, in Hunnewell Hall, when President Southworth read a paper, entitled, "Religious Life and Thought in England," based upon his observations made in that country while he was abroad last year upon leave of absence. The paper was printed in full in the first number of this year's school *Bulletin*. After the reading of the paper there followed a reception, during which the old members of the school circle had a chance to meet the new students. The students this year at present writing number twenty-six, representing four different countries; one from India, one from Hungary, four from Canada, and the rest from the United States. By the latter twelve states are represented. The present senior class, seven in number, is the largest since the class of 1901.

The first Adin Ballou lecturer of the year was Professor Stanton Coit, of England, the well known lecturer on Ethical Culture, who gave two highly interesting and stimulating lectures upon one of his favorite topics, Eugenics. Though to some of his hearers, some of his ideas were new and startling and may have seemed too theoretical, yet all were much pleased with his presentation of the subject and glad to meet him personally. And it is safe to say that Dr. Coit's new book on Eugenics, which has since been ordered for the library, will be eagerly read by many who heard him. The school is looking forward with expectation to the next Adin Ballou lecturer, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, of New York City, who on the 9th and 19th of December, will give two lectures upon "Marriage and Divorce." The school has also been favored with the visits, in some cases too short, of the Rev. Ernest C. Smith, the new secretary of the Western Conference, who spoke to the students about the missionary work in the West; of the Rev. Charles Wesley Casson, the secretary of the Publicity Department of the American Unitarian Association, who spoke of his work and of its special nature; of one of our younger graduates, Rev. Maxwell Savage, who spoke of the great opportunities for ministers in California; of the Rev. Reuben Shaw Barrow, another graduate, who, while on his way to his new pastorate at Windsor, Vt., spoke of the actual work in the field, and of the Rev. Charles Jason Staples, of Burlington, Vt., who spoke about the preparation for the ministry. The school also had the pleasure of first visits since graduation of the following Unitarian ministers, the Rev. Samuel Collins Beane, Jr., of Worcester; the Rev. George Browning Spurr, of Petersham; the Rev. Johann Abraham, C. F. Auer, of Hyde Park, and of the Rev. Robert Proudfit Doremus, of Barnstable, Mass.

Those students who were here during the year, 1906-1907, will be saddened to learn of the death of Professor Gokarn Subba Rau, the Brahmo Somaj scholar, who died in India, October 6, of this year, after a long sickness. A memorial service was held in the chapel, on the 19th, conducted by Professors Christie and Doan, assisted by Mr. Jamini Kanta Coar, the new Brahmo Somaj scholar, at which the following resolution was adopted:

The community of the Meadville Theological School has received with profound sorrow the tidings of the death of Professor Gokarn Subba Rau, first holder of the Brahmo Somaj scholarship in Meadville, and being met in a service of commemoration in the chapel on this nineteenth day of November, hereby sends to the committee of the Brahmo Somaj an expression of grateful remembrance of Mr. Rau's spiritual life and unselfish consecration. We shall cherish the thought of him in our seasons of commemoration and pray that his pure faith and beautiful devotion may be born again in us and live as a treasured influence in the life of our school.

The annual Thanksgiving dinner of the students and the families of the faculty, which is fast becoming a tradition in our school life, was held as usual on Thanksgiving Day in Hunnewell Hall, and was voted a success by the forty odd persons who sat down to the well cooked and well served dinner, in a room tastefully decorated by the students. After the dinner came the well earned and welcome holidays, forming a lull in a most busy life for all connected with the school.

The readers of UNITY will be pleased to know that President Southworth has raised over half of the amount needed to secure a German professorship at the school, and has gone to spend his recess at Louisville upon the same errand. The addition of a German professor to the teaching force means an increase of students both from Germany and from this country, who are to supply the pulpits of the German Protestant Evangelical churches, an independent body, into whose ministry have gone twelve graduates of the Meadville Theological School. We hope inside of twelve years to double that number. W. C. G.

Five Feet of Culture (Additional)

Carpenter, Frederic Ives, University of Chicago.

Since UNITY invites corrections and further suggestions in the matter of the "Five Feet of Culture," I am tempted to join the symposium again. After reading the lists already given I would add at least the following to my first list: Don Quixote, Marcus Aurelius and Fitzgerald's Omar. Furthermore, I feel that I must clamor for more. Give us at least an additional Two Feet of Culture. In that I must pack a few favorites and intimates who seemed to me hardly qualified to compete for the first list. These would include Boswell and Pepys (as human documents, perhaps, rather than as literature), a lot of William Hazlitt, Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann, The Deutsche Lyrik volume, Milton's Areopagitica, and a few novels like Richard Feverel, The Scarlet Letter, John Inglesant, Esmond and Vanity Fair, and The Cloister and the Hearth. Add, too, Burns, as at least worth as much as Dryden or Pope. But this thing has got to end, or we must build more shelves! As to Mr. Kimball's argument on the "Indispensables in Literature," I beg leave to enter a distinguo if not a negatur. I believe in anthologies and selected editions of single best works. There are times when we want nothing but the best—the perfect expression of significant human thoughts and emotions. At other times there are other interests that draw us along the highway of culture. We become interested in human personalities. We want to read all the record of those distinguished ones who have succeeded in getting their personalities adequately recorded. For this purpose I want all of Shakespeare or Shelley or Byron, and all even of Wordsworth. (Why, there is one who has even put the Excursion down on his first list!) This motive will lead you to read all, for example, of such a book as Sidney's Arcadia, foreign as it is to our standards of taste and judgment in the writing of prose fiction. It is good to be in the company of so gallant and gentle a soul as Sidney and to study all the turns of his spirit. Far more is this so in the case of greater, or sterner, or more passionate and commanding natures. Of the works of these we want complete editions, and the well-read man will moreover want to read them.

Clark, Margaret Vaupel, Waterloo, Iowa.

UNITY of December 9th is so interesting and helpful I must express myself in regard to it. It has also roused the following thought which I have hastily set down:

Wise Solomon once wrote unto a friend,
"Of making many books there is no end."
If this was true in his far distant day,
What would his shade, returned to earth, *now* say?

Gordon, Eleanor E., Des Moines, Iowa.

The books on a permanent book-shelf would of necessity belong to the Literature of Power. But if this shelf is to hold books that are "helpful and indispensable," there must be some books belonging to the Literature of Knowledge. So to-day on my shelf there would be: Ethics, Dewey and Tufts; Mutual Aid, a Factor in Evolution, Kropotkin; Psychology, Hoffding; The Problems of Philosophy, Hoffding; Three volumes of Robert Browning; Two volumes of Emerson's Essays; Emerson's Poems; Three volumes of George Eliot—Adam Bede. The Mill on the Floss, Middlemarch; The Emperor and Galilean, Ibsen; The Enemy of the People, Ibsen; The Doll's House, Ibsen; Two volumes of Bernard Shaw's Plays. In biography: Brooke's Robert Browning; Morley's Rousseau; Fred Myers' Wordsworth; Patterson's Milton; Bliss Perry's Whitman; Palmer's Alice Freeman Palmer, Amiel's Journal, and somewhere, on top or underneath, Unity Hymns and Chorals would have to be crowded in.

——————Mountain Grove, Mo.

I am much interested in the suggestions of books for your five foot shelf. Taking the first twenty-five named in your list as receiving the largest number of votes, you certainly will have a very good selection, though there are many that received fewer votes, even some having but one, that are equally good. I note one, which when first published, about twenty years ago, obtained a national repute, numbering among its readers, many of the purest minded and most intelligent people in all parts of the country, and its influence may still be observed in the general tread of progress; yet it received but a single vote, and that was given by one of the most gifted and highly appreciated of your correspondents. I hope it will receive further notice. The book is Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

Notes

The *Review of Reviews* for December gives us from the hands of its editor a very good handling of the foot-ball question. The killing of fifty or a hundred young men is not quite the point to be considered; the matter is that our colleges have fallen into the habit of developing a spirit of rivalry and combat that eliminates justice and generosity. There is slaughter in the air. One result is a modification of the very features of our collegians. A foot-ball club approximates a band of Comanche Indians in its resolute but savage determination. Hang a picture on your wall of your favorite foot-ball club, and another of Pawnees or Apaches, and you can hardly tell the difference.

Outing goes on improving in its tone and purport. It is getting to be the greatest representative of out-door life and simple living that America has. Some of our out-door magazines are working just the other way. They talk incessantly of mansions and costly grounds, that a common sort of fellow neither wishes for nor could have, if he liked.

Richard G. Badger of the Gorham Press, Boston, announces for the coming year the third volume of Frank B. Sanborn's "Recollections"; it will be worth the while to look out for this book. Have we really lost forever the old Boston spirit that created such men as Phillips and Channing and Lowell, and sung in Longfellow, and later preached in Phillips Brooks and Ames, and is still able to produce Mead?

Have you taken my advice and secured *The Common Sense Bible Teacher?* It really is worth the while. It is published by C. L. Abbott, St. Paul, Minnesota.

From Putnam's I have a book of decided power entitled "The Toil of Men," by L. Querido. This delightful volume is divided into four parts, entitled "Winter," "Spring," "Summer," and "Autumn." It is not a book, however, of the gardening sort altogether, although permeated with that sort of taste and industry. Get it, for it will do you good. From the same house I am in receipt of Lyman Powell's little volume entitled "Heavenly Heretics." It is a little book that you can snug down in your cozy corner to read. Its heavenly heretics are Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, William Ellery Channing, Horace Bushnell and Phillips Brooks,—a rather curious company that puts Jonathan Edwards into familiar association with Channing and Brooks. However, it is done so delicately that I have almost mellowed my detestation for the representative of diabolism in the place of Godliness.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

Sun.—My foot standeth in an even place.
Mon.—Thou hast put gladness in my heart.
Tues.—Thou wilt show me the path of life.
Wed.—In thy presence is fullness of joy.
Thurs.—O Lord how manifold are thy works; in wisdom has thou made them all.
Fri.—Create in me a clean heart, O God.
Sat.—Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in Unity!

Psalms.

The Boar's Head Festival

On High Street, the oldest and most famous thoroughfare in the old university town of Oxford, England, stands Queen's College, founded, A. D. 1340. Here on Christmas night every year is performed a very ancient and curious ceremony, known as the "Boar's Head Festival."

In the great dining-hall of the college the huge fireplaces are filled with blazing warmth, and banked with evergreens. From the walls look down many ancient worthies—dons in wig and gown, nobles in silken trunks and velvet tunics, grand dames in Elizabethan ruff and gown of stiff brocade. As the firelight flits across their faces they, too, seem to wear a look of expectancy, although from their vantage on the walls they have witnessed many generations participate in the ceremony.

Suddenly, as the clock strikes six, there is a clear ringing sound of a trumpet, immediately followed by the chanting of this chorus in the distance:

"Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino."

The visitors are crowded back against the walls and a long lane is opened, from the entrance door to the steps of the dais at the end of the hall, where, covered with snowy linen and decked with Christmas greens stands the "high table" at which the dons and college authorities are accustomed to dine.

Down the aisle thus made comes the procession. First the fellows and the tutors in their academic robes, then the chief chorister, followed by the choir-boys in their white surplices. Last of all come two cooks in their white aprons and caps, bearing aloft a huge platter on which rests the boar's head, roasted whole, tusks and all, decorated with gilded holly, mistletoe, evergreen oak, and small silken flags bearing the college coat of arms. On top of the head, which weighs about eighty pounds, rests a queen's crown.

The procession moves very slowly, halting as the precentor sings each of the three stanzas of a good old English song, celebrating the excellence of the boar's head. Again it moves forward, while a rousing Latin chorus is sung.

Before the song is finished the dons have taken their places about the table, the choir has filed up, and as they sing the chorus for the last time the head is lowered to the table.

Then there is a flutter and a scramble, for everybody wants a bit of gilded holly or mistletoe to carry away as a souvenir. As soon as each has his sprig of green the great hall is cleared of visitors, and all is over until another Christmas. Each year the cooks who prepare the head make some brawn,—a kind of head-cheese,—which is sent to the King, as his share of the feast.

Queen's College is the only place where this ancient ceremony is observed. Perhaps that is reason enough for the wide-spread belief in the legend connected with the origin of the Boar's-Head Festival.

Tradition says that centuries ago a scholar of Queen's was walking in Shotover wood, a few miles from Oxford, studying Aristotle, when he was attacked by a wild boar. With rare presence of mind as the boar came at him with open mouth and gleaming tusks, he thrust the great philosopher down the brute's throat, and thus escaped being torn to pieces.

To commemorate this event, the boar's-head ceremony was instituted at Queen's College and observed at Christmas-tide.

It is a very pretty legend, but, like many other traditions, not altogether trustworthy. For the custom of bringing into the dining-hall a boar's head, gaily decked and borne, with music and singing, to a place of honor before the lord of the house, dates back to days long before Queen's or any other college existed at Oxford.

From early times the boar's head has been a festival dish. In Rome it formed the principal dish at the Saturnalia, which was the Roman Christmas. A similar offering was made in Egypt in honor of Osiris, the Egyptian deity. The Scandinavians had a similar custom at Yule-tide,—the winter solstice,—when, at the feast of Freyr, god of peace and plenty, a boar was slain.

The wild boar, now almost extinct in England, was the most ferocious animal that roamed the forest; and the boar-hunt, because of the excitement and danger attending it, was the most popular sport among the gentlemen of England. They hunted the boar on horseback, casting at him with long spears, so as to avoid coming in too close contact with his evil tusks. The boar abounded in the north country, and what more natural than that, returning from a successful hunt, the victors should have the head roasted and served in the banquet hall?

—Eleanor N. Adams.

THE QUESTIONER

I called the boy to my knee one day,
And I said: "You're just past four;
Will you laugh in that same light-hearted way
When you're turned, say, thirty more?"
Then I thought of a past I'd fain erase—
More clouded skies than blue—
And I anxiously peered in his upturned face
For it seemed to say:
"Did you?"

I touched my lips to his tiny own
And I said to the boy: "Heigh, ho!
Those lips are as sweet as the hay, new-mown;
Will you keep them always so?"
Then back from those years came a rakish song—
With a ribald jest or two—
And I gazed at the child who knew no wrong,
And I thought he asked:
"Did you?"

I looked in his eyes, big, brown and clear,
And I cried: "Oh, boy of mine!
Will you keep them true in the after-year?
Will you leave no heart to pine?"
Then out of the past came another's eyes—
Sad eyes of tear-dimmed blue—
Did he know they were not his mother's eyes?
For he answered me:
"Did you?"

—Carl Werner, in Scribner's.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

Judgment.—That the proper exercise of silent observation, comparison and deduction may be quite helpful is put forth by the German philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, in the following words:

"A man bears the weight of his own body without being conscious of it, but he soon feels the weight of any other, if he tries to move on. In the same way, a man can see other people's shortcomings and vices, but is blind to his own. This arrangement has one advantage, it turns other people into a sort of mirror, in which a man can see clearly everything that is vicious, faulty, ill-bred and loathsome in his own nature, only, it is generally the old story of the dog barking at its own image, it is himself that he sees and not another dog, as he fancies.

"He who criticizes others, works at the reformation of himself. Those who form the secret habit of scrutinizing other people's general behavior, and passing severe judgment upon what they do and leave undone, thereby improve themselves, and work out their own perfection, for they will have sufficient sense of justice, or at any rate enough pride and vanity, to avoid in their own case that which they condemn so harshly elsewhere. But tolerant people are just the opposite, and claim for themselves the same indulgence that they extend to others. It is all very well for the Bible to talk about the mote in another's eye and the beam in one's own. The nature of the eye is to look not at itself but at other things, and therefore to observe and blame faults in another is a very suitable way of becoming conscious of one's own. We require a looking-glass for the due dressing of our morals."

So far Mr. Schopenhauer. Now we will admit that at a certain stage of development the plan sketched by him may help a little. But acquainted as we are with the tremendous influence of the imaging process in our mentality, we cannot recommend that too much attention be given to human frailty. Looking for excellencies in human conduct will prove more beneficial. We are transmuted by the images that we dwell upon.

The world, however, cannot serve as a mirror only, it can and does also serve as an echo. Call to an echo words of love, of good cheer, joy, commendation, etc., and they will sound back to you. We get back what we give forth. Like attracts like. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. As a man soweth, so shall he also reap"; it is the absolute law, unchangeable. Doesn't it make you feel good all over to know your happiness is not in other people's keeping; that you can produce your heart *shine* right within, regardless of the grumpiness and unpleasantness of others?

"Overcome evil with good!" that is a rule of action that holds good in every relation of life as the following news item shows: "Nickel theaters have done more to reduce the saloon business of Chicago than any other factor ever did," says Edward F. Kelling, chief inspector of amusement places in Chicago. "I suppose it is the same in every other city. No one realizes this better than do the saloonkeepers, and they are almost invariably opposed to the locating of a nickel theater in their neighborhood. In some instances a single five cent theater is said to have cut the business of several nearby saloons practically in half. The work of these theaters for temperance seems to me more effective than organizations, orators or noisy crusaders. The theaters form a counter attraction to the saloon."

The most important, the most practical truth of religion, that which concerns us the most deeply, is that our happiness or misery is determined by ourselves. Our mental attitude, disposition and activity will result in happiness or the opposite. Every sin carries its own penalty with it and therefore man should not punish the sinner, for such punishment would be superimposed upon the penalty already fixed by God and would be unjust and excessive on that account.

Let us then give up the usurped office of rulership and judge, and let us enter into the kingdom of heaven on earth, where our relation is that of *friends*.

—*Carl Gleeser,*
in Kansas City Unity.

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I have a humble longing that has never been confessed,
A longing I have striven in vain to bury in my breast;
I want to take a ride once more, when days are hot and muggy,
Behind a little jogging horse in some old shabby buggy.

I oft am hurled along the road in someone's fine machine
At such a pace I cannot tell a brown field from a green.
I want to amble out at peace, unheeding what they say,
And watch with joy an ancient horse flick ancient flies away.

I never see a landscape now that is not scudding by
In gales of wind and clouds of dust before my goggled eye;
The pensive cows are galloping, the hens are squawking past;
If anything seems peaceful I know it will not last.

I have no great ambition and I don't desire to shine
As a heroine of accidents in the automobile line;
This my plebian longing, without quibble or remorse—
I want that shabby buggy and I want that ancient horse!

Grace Duweld Goodwin,
in Good Housekeeping Magazine.

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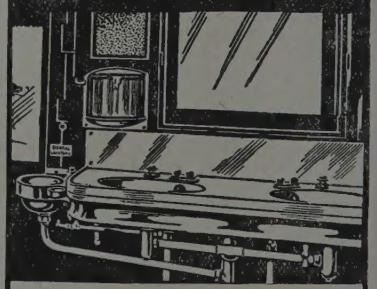

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